

# The Saturday Evening Post.

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER—DEVOTED TO LITERATURE, MORALITY, SCIENCE, NEWS, AGRICULTURE AND AMUSEMENT.

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## THE LADIES' FRIEND.

### WOMAN.

Sweet woman, what would man not gladly bear  
To be the object of thy smile or tear?  
Pearl of creation! stimulus—reward  
Of grace, of science, warrior, and of bard!  
The applausive crowd o'er sense may hold control;  
But woman yields an empire o'er the soul;  
In woman's sparkling smile lives all of fair,  
And when she weeps, souls, souls are vanquished there.

Man, brute-created, from her speaking eye,  
Forgot the brute and learnt humanity;  
With her divinity no sooner fled,  
He worshipped where his soul was first inspired.  
Holmesburg, 1829.

### PROPRIETY.

Propriety is to a woman what the great Roman critic says action is to an orator; it is the first, the second, and the third requisite. A woman may be knowing, active, witty and amusing; but without propriety she cannot be amiable. Propriety is the centre in which all the lines of duty and agreeableness meet. It is to character, what proportion is to figure and grace to attitude. It does not depend on any one perfection, but it is the result of general excellence.

It shows itself by a regular, orderly, undeviating course; and never starts from its orbit into any splendid eccentricities; for it would be ashamed of such praise as it might extort by any deviations from its proper path. It renounces all commendation but what is characteristic; and I would make it the criterion of true taste, right principle, and genuine feeling in a woman, whether she would be less touched with all the flattery of romantic and exaggerated panegyric, than with that beautiful picture of correct and elegant propriety which Milton draws of our first mother, whom he delineates.

“These thousand decrevices, which daily grow  
From all her words and actions.”

### CREATION OF WOMAN.

In the country the conversation of a company of ladies and gentlemen turning on the Mosaic account of the creation of the first woman, a lady made the following remark:—The Creator, in this story, appears in the character of a midnight robber—he steals from Adam in his sleep.—“Allow me, madam,” said a gentleman present, “to narrate an anecdote by way of argument, in opposition to your remark. Last night some persons entered my father's house, when they took away a bar of silver, and left in its place a richly chased golden vase; would you consider these men as thieves?” “They thieves!” exclaimed the lady, “no, benefactors.” “Well then,” said the gentleman, “in what manner are we to regard Him who took away a worthless tool and gave in exchange that greatest of earthly treasures—WOMAN.”

From the Atlantic Souvenir.

### RECONCILIATION.

“FASTER, FASTER! your horse, your horse, drive for your life!” said the impatient Morley, as the noble animals dashed along the turnpike road, while the sparks flew from their iron-shod hoofs like a flight of fire-flies.

The postilion, with voice and whip, put them to the top of their speed; and the chaise, in its rapid course, left behind it a trail of light, as though it had been ignited.

A high and steep hill in front, at length enforced a more moderate gait, when Morley, as if struck by a sudden recollection, turned his head anxiously towards his companion, a lovely young woman, who pale, silent and motionless, reclined on his shoulder.

“Ellen, my love,” said Morley, tenderly, “I fear this will prove too much for your delicate frame.”

There was no reply.

Morley leaned his face nearer to hers, and, by the moon-beams, saw that her features were fixed, her open eyes gazing on vacancy, while the tears which had recently streaming from them, seemed congealed upon her bloodless cheek.

“God of Heaven!” exclaimed Morley, “what means this? Ellen, beloved, adored! do you not hear me? will you not speak to me—to Morley, your Morley?” and he gently pressed her in his arms.

The name he uttered like a charm dissolved the spell that bound her. A long drawn sigh, as if strung from a breaking heart, escaped her cold quivering lips; a fresh fountain of tears burst forth; and with an hysterick sob, she fell upon the bosom of her lover.

The alarmed but enraptured Morley, folded her in his arms, and bent to kiss away her tears; when, with a sudden start, she disengaged herself from his embrace, and drawing back, looked wildly and earnestly in his face.

“Morley,” she said, in a voice of thrilling tone, “do you love me?”

“Dearest, best Ellen,” he replied, “do you, can you doubt it?”

“Do you love me, Morley?” she repeated with increased earnestness.

“Truly—devotedly—madly,” cried Morley on his knees. “By the heaven that is shining over us—”

“No more oaths; enough of protestations. Are you willing by one action, at this moment, to prove that I am truly dear to you, Morley?”

“I am, though it carry with it my destruction.”

“I ask not your destruction; I implore you to prevent mine. Return!”

Morley gazed at her, as if doubting his sense of hearing.

“Return!”

“Return, instantly!”

“Ellen, are you serious—are you,” he might have added “in your sense?” but she interrupted him.

“I am serious; I am not mad, Morley; no, nor inconstant nor fickle,” she added, reading the expression that was arising on Morley's countenance. “That I love, and in that love am incapable of change, do not, Morley, insult me by doubting, even by a look. But O, if you love me as you ought, as you have sworn you do, as a man of honour, I implore you take me back to my father—”

“To your father!” exclaimed Morley, almost unconscious of what he said.

“Ay, to my father, my grey-headed, my doating, my confiding father: take me to him before his heart is broken by the child he loves. I have been with him,” she cried, in wild agony, “even now, as I lay in your arms, spell-bound in my trance, while the carriage rolled on to my perdition. I could not move—I could not speak; but I knew where I was, and whether I was hurting; yet even then was I with my father,” she said, with a voice and look of supernatural solemnity: “he lay on his death bed; his eye turned upon me; his fixed and glaring eye, it rested upon me, as I lay in your arms; he cursed me, and died: His malediction yet rings in my

ears—his eye is now upon me. Morley, for the love of heaven, ere it is too late—”

“Compose yourself, my beloved; my own dear Ellen.”

“Do you still hesitate,” she cried, “would you still soothe my frantic soul with words?—Your Ellen! short-sighted man, your Ellen!—What shall bind her to a husband, who would abandon a father—what power may transfer the renegade daughter, into the faithful wife? Morley, listen to me: as you hope for mercy, do not destroy the being who loves you—who asks you to preserve her soul!”

Morley caught her as she sank at his feet, and she remained in his arms in a state of insensibility.

He was confounded—subdued.

The fatigued horses had laboured about midway up the activity, when Morley called to the postilion.

“Turn your horses' heads,” he said; “we shall return.”

The steeds seemed to acquire renewed vigor from the alteration in their course, and were proceeding at a brisk pace on their return when Ellen again revived.

“Where am I,—whither am I carried?” she wildly exclaimed.

“To your father, my beloved,” whispered Morley.

“To my father, Morley, to my father!—can it be?—no, I will not doubt, you never deceived me; you cannot; God bless you, my brother; and with her sister arms around his neck she imprinted a sister's kiss upon his lips, and dissolved in delicious tears, sank with the confidence of conscious innocence, upon his bosom.

The ethereal influence of virtue fell like a balm upon the tumultuous feelings of the lovers; and never in the wildest moments of passion, not even when he heard the first avowal of love from his heart's selected, had Morley felt so triumphantly happy.

“Where is he; let me see him; is he alive—is he well?” shrieked Ellen, as she rushed into the house of her father.

“For whom do you inquire, Madam?” coldly asked the female she addressed, the maid-sister of Ellen's father.

“Aunt, dear aunt; do not speak to me thus. I am not what you think me. But my father; my father, is he alive, is he well? O beloved aunt, have pity on me, I am repentant, I am innocent—”

“In one word, Ellen, are you not married?”

“I am not.”

“Heaven be praised! follow me; your father is not well—”

“For the love of heaven—before it is too late!” and the distracted girl rushed into the room and knelt at her father's side.

“Father! do not avert your face; father I am your own. Ellen, I am restored to you as I left you. By the years of love that have passed between us, forgive the folly; the offence; the crime of a moment. By the memory of my mother—”

“Case,” said the old man, endeavouring through the weakness of age and infirmity, to bear up—“Heaven be praised! follow me; your father is not well—”

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Variety's the very spice of life,  
That gives it all its flavor.

[ORIGINAL]  
TO THE OLD SNUFFERS, &c.  
Grandmas and Grand-Dads, Uncles, Aunts and Old  
Folks,

With heavy heart I bring ye tidings evil;  
I would on willingly your ills provoke;

But know my tale will with you play the devil.

Peruse my weakness if I chance to weep,

For here the sigh that rises in my breast,

For since I heard the news I've not known sleep;

Nor till I tell it you can I take rest.

Know then, my friends, by yonder signs he's deceased  
(And yonder signs ought to know what's for our  
good.)

That we are more must smoke the Indian weed,  
(A smicer by them never understood.)

Our usual doers no more must sue for stuff;

That organ ye must infinite again;

The quid that would our sorrow, ached pain;

The quid on which we often bid our spouse;

Which calms our passion, or increased our joys;

Which sleep with through many a summer's night;

Whose scent would not let bed bugs us annoy;

whose juice preserves our teeth, keeps moist the lip;

And gives the breath an odorous, healthful smell;

From this pleasure they intend to strip,

And make us bid the halmy quid farewell.

What's ye, seniors, surely not aware,

To what these brats of yesterday command;

These dainty folks, exterior of meat;

Of milky breath, and delicate soft hand.

Methods I see you pull your boxes out,

And with both hands your nose-nibbling charge;

And sport robust jolts in showers about;

The smoke fly from your mouths in volumes large.

I see your honest indignation rise,

The first a capa goes like Almas glow;

With thundering squeeze they dashes through the skies,

And open mouth demand "show on the fee."

May, may, good deus, forgive the heartless boys,

And blow not furiously on them wee;

Your pipes and boxes they mistake for toys,

Take pity, fathers, don't the infants choke.

Domine nature may some day, when might to do,

Blame their upper rooms with reason's eye,

And then the error of their ways they'll see;

And learn in show, snuff, smoke, without delay.

WILL.

Solution of the Enigma of Saturday, Nov.  
28th, 1828.—

Dead, 5th, 3d, 4th and 5th.

Read, 2d, 3d, 4th and 5th.

Read, 1st, 3d, 4th and 5th.

Read, 5th, 3d, 4th and 5th.

Read, 1st, 2d, 4th and 5th.